

The Historie of

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,
This instant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbishops Grace of Yorke, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.

But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest enemy?
That thou art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percy's* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgie them, that so much haue swayed
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percy's* head;
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bould to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And stain my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and one my head
My shame redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

Henry the 1

And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render euery glory
Yea, euen the slightest worship
Or I will teare the reckoning from
This in the name of God I promise
The which if he be pleas'd I shall
I do beseech your Maiestie may
The long growne woundes of me
If not, the end of life cancels all
And I will die an hundred thousand
Ere breake the smallest parcell

King. A hundred thousand
Thou shalt haue charge, and so
How now good *Blunt*? thy looke

Enter Blunt

Blunt. So hath the buisines
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland ha
That *Douglas* and the *English*
The eleuenth of this moneth,
A mighty and a fearefull head
(If promises be kept on euery
As euer offered foule play in a

King. The Earle of *Westmerland*
With him my soone Lord *Iob*
For this aduertisement is due
On wednesday next *Harry* thou
On Thursday, we our selues w
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you
Throug *Gloucester-shire*, by whi
Our buisines valued some twe
Our general forces at *Bridgen*
Our hands are full of buisines
Aduantage feedes him fat, wh

Enter Falstaff

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not fallow
doe I not bate? doe I not dw
me like an old Laies loose go
apple loonn. Well, ile reper

And